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FIRST CLASS

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FIRST CLASS

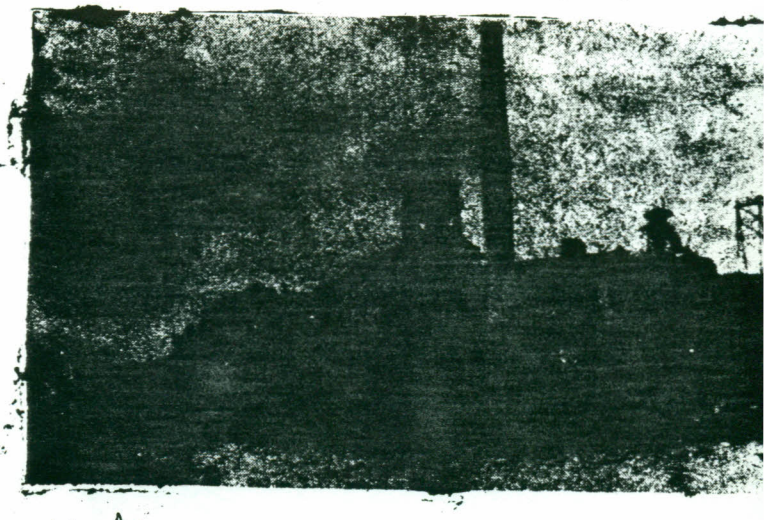
T-160

MAIL EARLY IN THE DAY

[illegible] but [illegible] time to the chosen few.

In the evolution of a circumstances on Palee-Wangee it certainly developed that there was a serious obstacle to the continuation of my journey thence. The natives had good sea-going praus; but whenever I exhibited any interest in one of these, they became excessively uneasy and evasive and contrived to get the vessel out of sight as quickly as possible. On one occasion they even went so far as to swamp, by a seeming "accident," a prau which I had commandeered. It became evident that they were extremely unwilling to have me leave the island. They were convinced that my presence assured them of good crops of taro and cocoanuts; and doubtless they were captivated by my imposing presence and debonaire manner.

At any rate, after a [illegible] of [illegible] 5 months on the island [illegible] no opportunity to acquire and [illegible] boat of any kind, I was forced to resort to a desperate expedient. Although Tahiti was some 270 m distant, I had no alternative but swim there. Even for a man li myself, the audacity of such an undertaking may seem incredible. Bu after all, in the tropics, when c

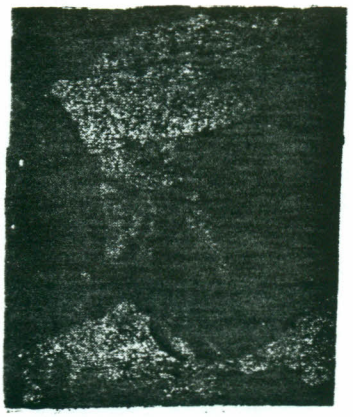


Kid[illegible] Nursery Sciss[illegible] Dav C[illegible], a B[illegible]. W. H[illegible] enterprise.

given instructions to local craftsmen for the construction of a new raft, ordered a fresh supply of aftershave lotion from London, and completed all other necessary precautions for the eventual resumption of my voyage. I was returning to my hotel (such as it was) very late on the evening of the third day, when I espied three sinister-looking individuals lurking in a dark byway. They began approaching me in such a stiff and cautious manner, frequently glancing at one another with their shifty eyes, that my suspicions were aroused. Nevertheless I stood my ground, awaiting their approach. As they advanced I recognized one of their number as the notorious "Doctor" Simon Bolivar Braccardio de Escudo y Rosas himself, chief agent of the infamous "Professor" B.L.W. Negro. (to be continued)

The three sinister assassins who lay in wait for me at Tahiti. The incredibly depraved "Doctor" S.B.B. de Escudo y Rosas is at left.

My swim from Palc- Worge- Tehiti was completely successfu except in two respects. First, w partway to Tahiti, my bladder o fresh water was lost (accident punctured by a swordfish). Sec due to the difficulties involved i taking navigational sights when floating on one's back, I landed on Tahiti itself but on a tiny outlying islet which was inhab solely by an eccentric hermit, retired sailor whose vision of Paradise consisted in the posses of unlimited quantities of whisk



Eccentric Sailor-hermi

This individual had scrupulous saved every penny of his wage over a period of 40 years. T then purchased the islet, inve the remainder of his savings i cheap whiskey, and withdrew

permanently from the world in 3
enjoy the fruits of his thrift.

Owing to the [illegible] my
fresh water, I [illegible] at this
relief in a state of desperate
thirst. I indicated my plight to
the hermit by pointing to my
parched and cracked tongue,
which was so swollen that I was
unable to speak. Unfortunately, the
sailor-hermit had no supply of
fresh water, for he was so
thoroughly inured to alcohol as
to be capable of subsisting with
no other beverage than whiskey.
The whiskey was abominable, but
I had no alternative other than
to drink myself into a stupor
simply in order to quench my
thirst.

It is this circumstance, and not
self-indulgence, which accounts for the
fact that when a mail-boat finally
brought me to Tahiti, I was in a
state of hopeless intoxication. The sneers
of my critics on this score are wholly
without justification. Nevertheless, the
situation was acutely embarrassing,
since the French governor* had ordered
out a company of the Foreign Legion
to greet my arrival, and appeared

[illegible] by brass bands, wahines bearing
garlands of flowers and so on and
so forth. Upon my disembarking
I attempted to approach the ground
in order to give and receive the
appropriate greetings, but somehow
staggered off in the wrong direction
and collapsed in a mud-puddle,
where I immediately fell asleep. I
was never able to convince the
inhabitants of Tahiti of the truth
my explanation . . . but no matter
they are a despicable lot in any case.

Nonetheless, within three days

My Arrival in Tahiti.

* Tahiti, of course, was and is a
colony of France.

swimming. I
form. When I'm
sleep, I would blow them
to my person in such
a manner that they would b
up, enabling me to float com
fortably on my back while I slep
I always swam at night,
took my rest during the day to
setting my solar still upon my
chest so that it would manufa
ture fresh water while I slept.

I took my departure from Pale
Wargee on the evening of 17 Augu
1935. For nearly 3 months I
had studiously avoided virtually
all physical activity, in order t
rest and recruit myself for the
ambitious undertaking.

That evening I was seated in
front of my hut with my hous
keeper, sipping a stimulating
beverage, when I began to notic
an unusual stir and agitation
among the Palee-Wargees; th
would whisper amongst themselv
and cast suspicious glances in
my direction.

"The natives are restless
tonight" I remarked to

housekeeper. In response, she threw her arms about my ne
in a display of sisterly affection
"Oh Boss!" she sobbed
Please you no leave Palee –
Wanges, huh?" Of course I
instantly demanded to know
what this "nonsense", as I term
it, was all about. She explained
that the natives had observed in
of my preparations and suspected
impending departure, though the
imagined I would fly through t
air rather than swimming.

I determined to delay no lon
er. Luring my housekeeper into
hut, I swiftly bound and
gagged her. I secured to my
person my compass, sextant, knif
matches, and the equipment describ
above. My nautical almanac
I omitted, as I had memorized
it. Making a hole in the back
wall of the hut, I crept silentl
down to the seashore and
plunged boldly into the dark
waters.

K713

the wave of mysterious thefts series mentioned heretofore, sprooding south through Mexico and Central America had ... packed Panama. Hardly a night passed ... out several mysterious thefts, often involving large sums of money; it had proved impossible to obtain the slightest clue as to the identities of the culprits; and, as in the United States, the police were baffled by the criminals' seeming ability to pass through solid walls — for they had repeatedly gained access where there was no opening large enough to admit anything beyond the size of a cat.

It will not surprise the reader that many wild tales concerning these inexplicable robberies circulated amongst the inhabitants of Panama City. On one occasion I heard a drunken Irishman discussing the situation with an American companion.

"Sure and begorrah," said the Irishman, "and isn't it mesself that knows who's robbin' all them banks? 'Tis the Leprichauns, sure as Patrick O'Hara has pissed on the Blarney Stone."

"I thought all them Leprichauns was over in Ireland," interjected his companion.

EPISODE 3:

My adventure with the ... induced me to order, fr an exceptionally skilled gunsmith ... a powerful ... to my own design specifications? This weapon was ... ped with a telescopic sight periscopic attachment, making it possible to shoot around corners without exposing oneself to the of the enemy. I also deemed it prudent to arm my new raft wi an old muzzle-loading brass can left over from the early days of ex ploration, which I obtained at a nominal price.

When my aftershave lotion, revol and other items had arrived and raft had been duly fitted out, I lost no time in embarking for Isthmus of Panama.

I was hardly out of sight of Tahiti when I came upon a Chinaman floating in a wooden tub, rowing lustily with an old ping-pong paddle, and making no progress whatever. He was nak to the waist, miserably scrawny, a had an old rag tied around his head

Upon inquiry, I found tha this celestial individual had se out from Tahiti intending to jo his "relatives" in "San Flancisco

"Me get lettah, dem have fuss class laundly business.

"Washee shut, fifteen cent, washee pants, fifteen cent. Me makee dollah pletty quick."

This Chinaman was two weeks out of Tahiti and had had nothing to eat for three days. He was under the impression that he had made great progress, and expected to reach San Francisco within a day or two. When I informed him of his error, he assumed a sly, knowing smile and put on his air of oriental inscrutability. He wasn't going to let the foreign devil put one over on him — he knew very well where he was. I tossed him a banana peel, some spoiled fish, and a small jar of water, for which he was very grateful.

My voyage to Panama was without further incident, save that I became involved in an artillery duel with a Russian gunboat, from which I emerged victorious.

Arriving at the Isthmus, I found the American canal officials only too glad to be of service to me, as they felt it would contribute to their prestige. I left my raft to be taken through the canal by them and gave orders for its refitting on the Caribbean side. Meanwhile I ensconsed myself in the nearest thing to a decent hotel that Panama City had to offer, and diverted myself by making short excursions into the surrounding countryside to perform anthropometric studies in support of my theory regarding the racial origins of the Dutch.

In the small village of Santa de Frijoles, I found a certain Señor Gamacho, who happened to be postmaster of that village, and who provided a striking confirmation that persons of Hottentot origin had traveled through Panama in the remote past. My discovery of Señor Gamacho's Hottentot adulteration represented one of my most subtil achievements.

To the untrained eye there was nothing of the Hottentot in Señor Gamacho's physiognomy. Moreover his cephalic, facial, nasal, and other anthropometric indices differed markedly from those of Hottentots. However, after experimenting with a large number of different formulae I found that by computing $7c^2 + \frac{4}{9}f + 3n$ both for Señor Gamacho and for the Hottentots (where c represents the cephalic index, f the facial, and n the nasal), I obtained virtually identical results! This eliminated any remaining rational doubt as to the validity of my theory.

From the newspapers of Panama City I learned that

Escudo y Rocas took to his heels, casting back over his shoulder, however, a glance expressive of the most inextinguishable hatred.

As the unusually powerful development of my musculus abdominis, or stomach muscle, results in a noticeable protuberance of that portion of my anatomy, and as this physical conformation renders it inconvenient to embrace a tree-trunk, it was with some difficulty that I clambered down from the top of the palm. Having at length accomplished this feat, and observing that rosy-fingered Dawn was beginning to gild the eastern sky, my first thought as I stepped gingerly over the corpses of the slain assassins was that I must return to my hotel with the utmost expedition, in order to have time to dress for an early appointment with an acquaintance whom I had agreed to join at breakfast.

Acting in accordance with this resolution, I stepped across the threshhold of the Kamanawanalaya Cafe precisely on the stroke of eight, which of course was the hour appointed. I found my acquaintance, Mr. P_____, who incidentally was a literary critic of international repute, seated at an isolated table next a large window, with a cup of coffee in one hand and a newspaper in the other. He was a man of middle age, somewhat slender, with a thin moustache, dressed in a white tropical suit and he appeared to have left off perusing his paper in order to ponder some abstruse point.

"I have been thinking, Mr. Thurgood," he said after I had ordered a quart of orange juice, eleven eggs, a large platter of bacon, half a loaf of French toast, and a pot of coffee laced with an acceptable cognac, "I have been thinking that here we get exactly the high price of the novel as a literary form — its power not only, while preserving that form with closeness, to range through all the differences of the individual relation to its general subject-matter, all the varieties of outlook on life, of disposition to reflect a project, created by conditions that are never the same from man to man (or, so far as that goes, from man to woman), but positively to appear more true to its character in proportion as it strains, or tends to burst, with a latent extravagance, its mold."

"On the contrary, Jonathan,"

replied. "They are but windows at the best mere holes in a dead wall, disconnected, perched, blind. They are not hinged doors opening at sight upon life. But they have this mark of their own that at each of them stands a figure with a pair of eyes, or at least with a field-glass, which forms, again and again, for observation, a unique instrument."

Discomfited by the unassailable rigor of this logic, Mr. P____ affected to be suddenly taken with a fit of coughing. Recovering from this pretended attack, he hastened to change the subject.

"I see by the Times here, that there has been a series of remarkable crimes upon your native soil... you are an American, are you not?"

"Indeed. Pro patria succubus."

"... A series of remarkable crimes which have utterly baffled the authorities." Mr. P____'s chin and eyebrows were somewhat elevated, his lids somewhat lowered, and his head tilted back as he scanned the paper with fashionable ennui. He absently stirred a spoonful of sugar into his coffee. "Seemingly inexplicable robberies.

Episode I

You will recall that at the conclu of the last episode I was concealed the top of a coconut palm outside lighthouse while the 3 scurvy assas perplexed as to my whereabouts, held brief consultation.

Having concluded this, the com andeered the aged keeper's flashlight, began walking slowly around the li house, searching for my footprints i the sand. As they approached my I held aloft a moistened finger to gage the direction and velocity of wind, performed a rapid sequence of mental calculations and, at the p cisely correct instant, let fall a coconut from each hand. My compu tations had been based on the formu for the air resistance of a spherica body, which was but a crude ap proximation, since a coconut is far from being a perfect sphere. Nevertheless, this approximation pro to be sufficiently accurate, for e of the coconuts dashed out the bra of an assassin. As the third villa turned his astonished gaze toward t top of the tree I perceived by the light of the moon the fiendish cou tenance of "Doctor" S.B.B. de Es y Rosas; so that it was he, the m dangerous of the three scoundrel who escaped destruction on this occasion.

Seeing that I was about to [illegible] another coconut, and knowing th unerring accuracy of my aim, "D

been found upon any reflex 6
cash registers?"

"The article does not say."

"I thought as much. However, it is possible that a cap from a Coca-Cola bottle may have been found in one of the currency exchanges."

"The article mentions that very circumstance", returned Mr. P___, adding yet another spoonful of sugar to his coffee, "But the police are at a loss for any plausible interpretation".

"And", I added, "I see from this newspaper that 'Professor' B. L. W. Negro has escaped from custody and is believed to be at large in the United States."

"But how did you know that?" asked Mr. P___, his expression of sophisticated indifference temporarily changed to one of mild surprise. "That information is recorded on this side of the paper, which you cannot see from where you sit."

"The gaudy beams of Phoebus", I said, "passing through the window as you see, are illuminating that portion of the journal from your side, and the paper is sufficiently translucent so that the sunlight renders visible upon my side, the characters that are printed upon your side of the sheet. Although the letters appear to me in mirror image, and are confused by the printing upon the opposite side of the sheet, it is possible to read them."

Mr. P___ unconsciously stirred 2 or 3 more spoonfuls sugar into his coffee.

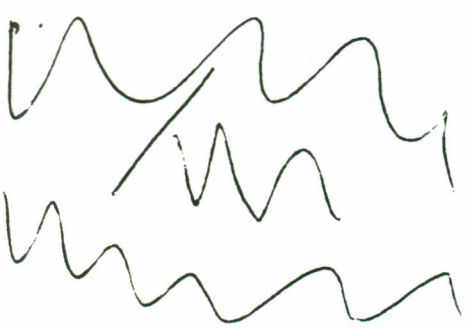
"Sir", I continued, "the presence of 'Professor' Negro in the United States, and the other circumstances known to us at present, I would estimate at not less than 58 the probability that 'Professor' Negro is deeply involved in the extraordinary sequence of robberies. The existence of 'Professor' Negro is a matter of the gravest consequence — a fact which (perhaps fortunately) is unknown to the world at large — and unless the most vigorous measures are adopted I predict an international crime wave of unprecedented magnitude."

"Really?" said Mr. P___. He suddenly seemed to remember

that he had a cup of coffee, and bringing it to his lips, he indulged in a moderate sip.

"Oh, I say!" he exclaimed, "This is the most delicious coffee I have ever tasted! A real treat for a connoisseur like myself!"

Deeply repelled by the gross barbarity of his taste, I rose from the table and stalked out of the cafe without another word.



exchanges; small-time banks entered in the night and fun obstructed. The unusual aspect these phenomena is that in no case is it possible to determin any conceivable manner in whi the criminal could have entered the premises. Locks, doors, etc are all intact and show no sign of tampering — except tha in certain cases windows hav been broken — but these windo were protected by bars set so closely together as to prohib access to even a very young child." Mr. P___ absentminde stirred another spoonful of sug into his coffee.

Having pondered for a mom I asked Mr. P___ whether negotiable securities had been tak or currency only.

"Currency only," he said, stirring another spoonful of suga into his coffee with every appearance of unconsciousness. "it is peculiar that of the propri of the victimized establishment 23% have Armenian name

"Indeed", I replied, "this is suggestive. Have scratches resembling the Sumerian cuneif

I am sending you your sleeping-bag cover by parcel post.

— Ted

kerosene. In a moment I had saturated the rope with this liquid and tied it to a rusty spike that happened to project from the window-ledge. I then climbed down the rope and swung myself into the top of the tree. Having secreted myself there, I struck a match and ignited the kerosene-soaked rope. By the time the assassins had leisurely climbed to the top of [illegible] the rope was entirely consumed, leaving no clue to my hiding-place.

The assassins of course were baffled, astonished, and enraged at finding me absent from the top of the tower, which would have appeared to be my last refuge. It took them but a few minutes to complete a search of the whole building, as it was of very simple construction and offered few possible hiding-places. They then commenced torturing the aged keeper for information by pounding his bunions with a hammer, but, finding him incapable of intelligent communication, they desisted, and held a brief consultation.

P.S. To Folks: OK for last week in October. But let me know exact date if possible. Make it as early as the 19th or 20th if you like. Or later if you prefer.

[illegible] to my hotel in the evening I was approached by 3 Peruvian assassins, one of whom turned out to be "Doctor" S. S. B. de Escudo y Rosas. There could no longer be any doubt of their murderous intentions. Accordingly, I assumed my Sumo-wrestling stance and loudly challenged them to come forward one by one and meet me in single combat like honorable gentlemen. But, scoundrels that they were, their only response was to draw their revolvers, and, being unarmed, I was reduced to the indignity of taking to my heels amidst a hail of bullets.

In my youth I was a skilled runner. I did, in fact on one occasion run a mile in 3 minutes, 59.9 seconds, anticipating by decades the feat of Roger Bannister; but this never achieved the status of a record, because accredited officials were not present to verify the time.

However, when I later became adept in the Japanese art of Sumo-wrestling (in which weight is of prime importance), I nearly doubled the mass of my corporeal substance* through a conscientious program of gourmandise, and this, it must be confessed, materially interfered with my fleetness of foot.

The three assassins, on the

*My enemies, "Professor" B. L. W. Nagy in particular, have insulting[illegible]

he glanced at his watch, perked himself upright, and rang vigorously for the bellboy. When this menial arrived, the "Doctor" gave him some peremptory orders and flopped back onto the bed. At 5:18 the bellboy returned with a large bowl of vile-looking slops. Dismissing the boy, "Doctor" Escudo y Rosas set the bowl on the floor, went to a closet, and brought out a large suitcase.

There now transpired an event so startling that I hesitate to strain my readers' credulity by reporting it.

"Doctor" Escudo y Rosas opened the suitcase, and out of it scrambled 5 little men, each about 20 inches tall; not of stocky proportions like midgets, but slender and rangy — they looked like basketball players scaled down to 20 inches.

These homunculi, as we may call them, instantly made for the bowl of slops. Putting their faces down close to the vile stuff, they greedily shoveled the goo into their mouths with their tiny hands, in the process besmearing their faces, their chests, and their arms up to the elbows. When the bowl was empty, the homunculi began scurrying hither and thither about the room at great speed, in a perfectly mad and aimless manner.

"Doctor" Escudo y Rosas took a small whip, or switch, from a corner, struck it twice on the floor with great force, and gave a harsh verbal command. The little men immediately scrambled helter-skelter into the suitcase where they fell one on top of another all in a heap. "Doctor" Escudo Rosas closed the suitcase, locked it, and returned it to the closet then flopped down on his bed again.

I drew back from the window in stunned disbelief. The Irishman's story of the supposed Leprechauns recurred to my memory. Could such things be? I pinched myself, for assurance that I was not dreaming. I searched the room for an empty absinth bottle, as that beverage seems to have a particularly powerful effect on my faculties. Finding no absinth bottles, however, I concluded that I had not been drinking any, and returned to my post at the window.

From 5:32 to 6:29, "Doctor" Escudo y Rosas smoked cigarettes and read girlie magazines. At 6:29 he rang for the bellboy and gave him some grocery orders. At 6:45 the bellboy returned with several bottles

bon-bons, and a stack of ④ comic books. From 6:45 to 10:59 the "Doctor" wallowed in bed swilling beer, stuffing himself with bon-bons, and reading comic books. From 10:59 he captured these activities, but glanced at his watch with increasing frequency until at 11:45 he forced himself with obvious reluctance to get out of bed. He fetched the suitcase from the closet and opened it. The 5 homunculi immediately scrambled out and began scampering about the room in the same mad, aimless fashion as before. "Doctor" Escudo y Rosas caught one of them, and, by whipping him unmercifully, forced him to stand still at a designated spot. But, by the time he had caught another one, the first homunculus was again running madly back and forth. It was not until 12:08 that, by vigorous application of the whip, together with much sweat and cursing, the "Doctor" finally brought all of the homunculi under control.

The little men were clad in

Episode...

The first few hours of my vigil a
the window of "Doctor" Escudo y Ro
were somewhat uninteresting, as he
wallowed in intermittent sleep
his disordered bed (fully clothed,
which state he had evidently retired the
night before) until 1 P.M. At 1:03 he crawl
out of bed and rang for the bellboy, to whom he appeared to gi
orders in a harsh manner. From
1:05 to 1:26, "Doctor" Escudo
Rosas lay in bed smoking cigarette
and perusing a periodical of the ty
known as a "girlie magazine". At
1:26 the bellboy returned with a
bowl of chile, a platter of tortillas
six bottles of Coca Cola, a bottle
Tabasco sauce, and a large box
of bon-bons. From 1:26 to
1:44, "Doctor" Escudo y Rosas s
on the edge of his bed eating
chile and tortillas (which he had
inundated in Tabasco sauce) a
drinking Coca Cola. From 1:44
4:33 he lolled in bed smoking
cigarettes, stuffing himself with
bon-bons, and reading girlie
magazines. From 4:33 to 5:04 he
was occupied with a girlie maga
zine in which he seemed to take
an unusually strong interest. His
leering grin became broader a
broader and his hand stole
further and further down into t
front of his pants. At 5:0

wisened little [illegible] of not more than 120 pounds apiece. They began gaining on me so [illegible] that in desperation I [illegible]ged off into [illegible]gy little side-path [illegible] & roped to elude them. But I soon found that I had made a disastrous error, for the path led me out onto a narrow peninsula, at the end of which was a lighthouse — and beyond that, nothing but the deep blue ocean. The shores of this little peninsula, moreover, were steep and rocky, and the surf very violent at the time, so that there was no hope of escape by swimming. As soon as the three assassins found that they had me cornered, they stopped running and grinned broadly at one another. With an assumed air of relaxation, as if they were on a pleasure-stroll and had all the time in the world, they sauntered slowly and casually up the peninsula, with ostentatious yawns and a variety of facetious remarks. Aghast at their sinister humor, I backed up step by step as they advanced. Then, in despair, I turned and ran to the lighthouse — which was after all a dead end

F[illegible] clambered up steep spiral staircase to the to the lighthouse. Here I found a [illegible]er of the light, an old ma half-French, half-Tahitian extraction, seated on a miser cot. I attempted to communic with him; but soon discovered t he was in such an advanced s of senility that it was impossi to get any sense out of him. H surveying the situation throug great windows at the top of t lighthouse, I observed that th three assassins were still sau ing casually up the peninsula w their facetious grins; and on opposite side of the lighthouse j on the edge of the cliff below wh pounded the savage surf, the was a tall coconut palm which reached up to perhaps half th height of the tower. In an inst I had formulated a plan.

Working with desperate haste, tore the sheets and blankets from old man's cot, ripped them into strips, and knotted them together (with genuine Matthew Walker knot to form a makeshift rope. The lig house was not electrified and

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described me as "fat." These semantic ignoramuses seem unaware of the distinction between "fat" and "portly". It is only the latter term that may be correctly applied to myself.